



# THE BLUE GRASS BLADE

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JAMES E. HUGHES ..... Editor and Publisher

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Take courage.

Put on more steam.

Stand upright and walk to the front.

Knowledge makes a man fit company for himself.

Good character is human nature in its best form.

Our burdens are made lighter when we cheerfully bear them.

Small courtesies sweeten life, but the greater ennobles it.

The first and worst of all frauds is he who cheats himself.

Our deeds follow us and what we have been we are.

The true test of civilization is in the kind and character of men a nation can produce.

Wander where we will, do what we may, the clew of our destiny lies in the cradle.

The truly generous is the truly wise and he who loves not others must live himself unblest.

When a man shows no inclination to learn he is very apt to imagine that he knows enough.

Idleness is superficial and while it may be a pretty garment to look at it will not do for constant wear.

Laughter is the sweetest music Mother Nature has produced and we must beware of the man who dislikes the laugh of a child.

Success and opportunity do not always go hand in hand, but a sure way to miss success is to miss opportunity.

It is easier to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to put the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free.

Love is the great high priest of the religion of happiness for so long as men continue to experience the sweet, ruling passion, it will be impossible for them to grow depraved.

Look back over yesterday! Have we given full encouragement where it is due? Do we know what a little encouragement can do? There is a great deal of talent lost in this world for the want of it.

Andrew Carnegie declares that an income tax would be a prolific breeder of liars. The Blade agrees with him. So does almost every kind of a tax. Even fishing exercises no small influence in that direction.

There is a vast difference between false prophets, religious and political, and substantial profits. Even the United States Treasury offers to give small bills for large ones and the Blade will do it just as easily.

It will be a happy day when saintly sinners will obey the scriptural injunction to don their sackcloth suits, rub their noses in the sand and fail to come to the scratch when the collection is taken up.

God being the creator of all things then the gaunt specter of want and pestilence must be of his making. Could we be god but for one day what a change we would make. Taking him for what the Christian world has made him we don't blame Lucifer for raising a revolution.

During the dark ages hidebound orthodoxy prevailed and practically every man and woman was

a church communicant. To-day it is paramount only in those countries where men have failed to keep alongside the Car of Progress. It is a sad commentary upon all religious faiths that they flourish only where dense ignorance prevails. From this we can detect the advance that has been made.

When a college of ecclesiastics gave Galileo to the jailer for saying that the world do move; when Luther raised the standard of revolt and the Puritan packed his grip, there were cruel wrongs to right and we are not out of the woods yet. We may have made some progress but the devil appears to have adopted Fabian tactics and has led us a wild dance through unprofitable deserts. We have been shattering ethnic cults and images but religious fools have built new idols to worship.

## PAKE EVIDENCES OF A FAKE.

Truth leans upon nothing but itself and reason, after few flaming torch, needs no ostentatious display. Truth needs no excuse for it contains within itself the power to make sufficiently manifest. Falsehood is ever and always seeking corroboration and accepts it from every questionable source. The multiplication table needs no supporting power. There is no power in heaven or earth that can make two and two make more or less than four. This fact is self evident. It is compatible with all other truths and consistent with every demonstration of science.

When a subject, or the teachings of a cult or creed, are weak, doubtful and vacillating, they must needs obtain some corroborative testimony, some support from other and extraneous sources. The Christian creed and all that it implies is no exception to this rule. Its professors and those who receive pay in its services are for ever searching, forging, manufacturing so-called evidences, thereby demonstrating its lack of credibility in the first instance. If the Christian religion is true additional evidence is unnecessary for truth demands none. If the Christian religion be false it must need pounce upon every authority it can find and use it to prop up their falling temples and fane.

Recently, the Blade gave publication to what purported to be a new religious discovery in the shape of a letter found in the library of the Lazzarini Fathers, in Rome, and said to have been written by one Publius Lennulus, a Roman official in the days of Caesar, addressed to his chief, and said to concern the personality of Jesus. It may be true that some manuscript has been found, as suggested, but the Blade does not hesitate to brand it as a fake and a fraud for the reason that if such a letter had really existed all these years it would have been discovered long before this day and age. The fact is that it is now a regular annual practice for the Christian apologists to "discover" some additional proof of "The Christ," thereby admitting that Christ is not yet sufficiently proved and more proof is daily growing an actual necessity. It is an admission that the Old and New Testament, with all the commentaries written and published concerning them, are not infallible, infallible and worthy of belief, hence, more proof, further proof, additional proof, and proof on the top of that must be discovered at frequent and regular intervals. Assuming Christ to be a truth, for the sake of the argument, think of what his feelings must be to witness all strenuous efforts being made to prove him untrue.

There is little need to go outside of the alleged document in order to prove its unworthiness. It is an evident attempt to pass off a spurious literary effort for the purpose of trying to prove certain portions of the gospels as true. Its personal references to Christ, as a man, named Jesus, the manner of his habits, his physiognomy and general appearance as well as his alleged acts, carry the deception entirely too far and destroys its veracity.

In the first place the language used in the letter is not Roman, but decidedly Christian. The names him as Jesus, it still calls him "The Christ" and charges that he "makes the dead rise and the sick." Were this true Caesar could not have punished him though he regarded him as an enemy, for Caesar could have made him a martyr, or a preventive against death. The letter is made to say:

"He is not seen very often in public, and when he appears he carries himself modestly. His manners are very distinguished, he is even beautiful."

This in direct conflict with the four gospels. The latter are to believed Christ was always in public, for he admitted that he had not where to lay his head. His alleged modesty is remarkable in face of his conduct when he whipped the traders out of the temple and at variance with the entire twenty-third chapter of St. Luke. Even as a young man he was a forward and began a discussion with the doctors. True, he grew modest when confronted by Pilate because he knew then he was against it and he had run his limit. The force heightened by the reference to his alleged personal beauty. And "he is even beautiful" it says. As far as the Blade has been able to learn anything Christ was no bute. This much is learned even from Isaiah. We are assured that when he was referred to the son of Joseph and Mary when he said: "I was more married than any man, and more married than the sons of men." It is a well known fact that the Jews, according to some authorities, saw no beauty in him. Rev. George C. Needham in his appendix to the Bible, intimates that considered from a physical point of view, Christ was actually a fright. Neither Christ, or any of his apostles, so far as we can gather, were calculated to adorn a fashionable pulpit or captivate the hearts of the sisters to palpitate or cause the hearts to melt in the person of this alleged son of Mary. Even St. Paul is said to have been so dunned homely that the ladies shunned him and he got even by putting a time-lock on their tongue and discountenancing marriage.

For pure lying, unadulterated gail, absolute un-

deceit and fraud, we need but refer to the statements that "he goes around barefooted and shines like the sun, it is impossible for anyone to look at him long in the face." Every student of the scriptures knows that this is absolutely false, else the transfiguration is a lie. If he already "shone like the sun" how was it that in the presence of Peter, James and John, on the top of a mountain, he could become "transfigured" so that his face "did shine as the sun"? To transfigure means to change. If a change was wrought when the transfiguration took place it follows that the face of Christ did not shine like the sun at all times and the author of the alleged letter has carried his enchanting enterprise too far that the fake is apparent on its face. Furthermore, it cannot be charged that after the transfiguration the face of Christ continued to shine like the sun. In the 17th chapter of St. Matthew, where an account of the transfiguration is given, as alleged, we are to assume that Christ resumed his natural visage for he there charges his attendants to "tell the vision to no man until the son of man be risen from the dead." The fake letter and gospels are so much at variance that even the most sanguine of the blind theologians will not dare to attempt a comparison.

Summing up the entire document up, as it appeared in the Blade, it is really too childish, too absurd, to be even seriously considered. Were it not for the value of such a claim to the cause of Free thought, The Blade would not have noticed it at such length. When Christ, and him crucified, are compelled to rely upon such flimsy foundations his cause is well nigh spent and is, therefore, becoming more harmless and imbecile than ever. So far we have failed to observe any great act over the alleged discovery and it will doubtless be given the cold shoulder by the marble heart and an icy mist. If the evidence of Christ be proved such a monstrous fake, what better can Christ be?

## THE SORROWS OF GREAT WEALTH.

Pity the rich.

Not so much because of their great difficulty in obtaining a pass over the Christian main line to Kingdom Come, but for other and very obvious reasons.

So far as the Christian doctrines are concerned the rich need experience hardly any fear. True, salvation is said to be without money and without price, but only the rich can afford front seats in the gospel shops and this should naturally entice them to a seat close up to the throne in the heavenly hierarchy.

Money, according to the Bible, or the love of it, is the "root of all evil" and yet there is not a skynote in the country who is not hankering after a raise in salary and has his ear turned in the direction of the "still, small voice" which is expected to call him to greener fields and pastures new for a larger bog of the yellow metal or a bigger wad of bills, as the case may be. Like the fools in the parable they do but lick the outside of the plaster clean, but they are inwardly a bad egg. Every Sunday they look for a bigger collection and if it is not forthcoming the next sermon is made with the godlessness of giving. Church folk are then told that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," but the parson never "gives" as he is solely in the receiving business. What a sorry day for them it will be when God Almighty keeps his own bank account and takes up his own collection.

The orthodox interpretation of the scriptures, they declare to be "interpret," else how could they be understood, gives commendation to poverty and places a condemnation upon wealth. The rich are pointed to the obstacles that confront a camel should that useful beast attempt to pass through the eye of a needle and the poverty stricken are comforted with the positive assurance that they are destined to inherit the kingdom of heaven. This is simply a crude effort to equalize the scales and compass in this world and the poor have to drink skimmed milk the order will be reversed in the great hereafter and Coxey's army will be given first place at the pie counter. Lazarus sits in the front row but Dives goes way back. No wonder then that Carnegie and Rockefeller are making an effort to die poor by giving away the wealth that others have made for them.

Now you will understand why we say "pity the rich." Secretary Shaw, of the United States Treasury, declares that most any body can make money nowadays and even keep it, but we are constrained to pity the sorrows of the unfortunate millionaire who has made it his business to give money away. The troubles of the elder Rockefeller along this line have now passed into a song of sorrows, but even these are nothing to the troubles of Andrew Carnegie, the most persistent giver of millions. Where John D. has given away probably one-tenth of one year's income Andrew has gone him some. Even the sons of his native heath are now declaring that the money Andrew is giving away to Scottish institutions of learning, is simply pauperizing the youth and he is now branded as a limb and an ally of Satan who is debauching the religion of his native land. Poor Andrew! Pity the rich!

Under such conditions as these it is a case of you will be damned if you do and you will be damned if you don't. One day the parson cries "give, give," and insists that you are but lending to the Lord, and will pay you a splendid dividend upon your investment. Having given you are denounced as an amiable idiot and told that you are debauching the religion of the Most High. The latter complaint is probably made because the money does not all fall into the outstretched hand of the lazarite. If it did there would never be a harsh word said, for money will seal a preacher's lips effectively then a porous plaster.

Money won't buy everything. It won't buy Carnegie a higher standing at the portals to the grave than the humblest peasant on Scotland's rugged hills. It won't buy John D. Rockefeller a good apoplexy or a natural growth of hair. Neither can

purchase sound health with all their gold. The poor may enjoy these natural conditions by reason of the fragility they are compelled to practice. Then to be poor and content is to be rich enough, but there is small contentment in dire poverty. What humanity needs is a more equitable distribution of the products of labor and a readjustment of social and industrial conditions. The world will never be any happier by conforming to the Christian doctrine nor can the indiscriminate giving away of money help to heal the wounds. The habit of dispensing cash in charitable enterprises may create a body of jollifiers who will hang forever upon your heels, but the fellows who fail to get theirs will condemn the entire scheme. Then let us pity the rich, the poor don't count.

## CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

The real value of Christian evidences, that is, evidences concerning its claims and pretensions, as furnished by its only authority, the New Testament, can only be measured by a critical examination, by comparison and reasonable application.

The Christian, however, shuns this process and insists that in approaching the Bible, or any portion thereof, we must do so in a truly reverential frame of mind, which being interpreted into cold facts means that we must not criticize, ridicule, compare or investigate, but accept it as true in all things even before we open it. This is the cry of weakness and prejudice. It is a candid confession that the Christian scriptures will not stand the light of investigation, the test of honest criticism. Even truth cannot be injured by ridicule. That which is ridiculous may be taken as a test of the truth, for the ridicule can overcome should be permitted to perish for it is not strong enough to live.

Further, we are bound, according to Christian argument, to rely upon the supposition that God either wrote, or inspired men to write, the books of the old and new testaments. Assuming this, then, the Christian must admit that the writings of God, or the writings of men specially and plenary inspired by him, should be able to stand the same or even more rigid tests, as the writings of man. Every new declaration of science or philosophy is treated to a searching investigation, it is discussed pro and con until the truth of the declaration, or its falsity, is finally established. Cannot the declarations of God stand the same acid tests? If not, why not? Is the creator inferior to the creature? Then why not submit the Bible to an honest investigation, rejecting what is proven to be false and accepting only that which is proven true? If it be proven altogether false then we should not hesitate to reject it as a whole. If it be proven to be partially true, let us accept the part and give up the other. The Free-thinker occupies this relation to all subjects and is ready to admit truth where ever it may be found.

In this frame of mind The Blade desires that every Christian reader should study the opening verses of the first general epistle of John. Here he declares that "we" meaning himself and others, "have heard, seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life." With this John meant those who read after him should understand that he, too, had both seen, heard and felt, hence, he so readily gave his belief that he desired others who had not seen, heard and felt, being denied the privilege, should likewise believe. If it required all these things to convince John why should others be expected to be convinced on John's say so, on his ipse dixit? If God desired all men to be convinced why did he not make the same manifestations unto all men and afford all men an equal opportunity? Why should a loving and merciful deity give only a moiety of his children spiritual light and leave the majority in outer darkness for ever? A revelation to one when given by word of mouth becomes only hearsay to others and the character of the evidence offered becomes vastly dissimilar.

But John sustains this very point by saying, "that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you" and further on he damns, or condemns, all who refuse to believe him by saying, "who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" Here John gives himself dead away and did he give depositions of such character before a court of equity in this day and generation he would not be believed.

From the general trend of the argument offered by this ancient Apostle of the Christian faith, we are bound to infer that even in his day the people demanded ocular proofs of speculative theories and doctrines. With them, as even with the people of modern times, feelings are believing, and because the majority are not permitted to see and believe the Christian world desires that they shall simply hear and believe. And whom are we to hear? Simply paid witnesses and, therefore, biased to begin with. If a modern preacher should dare to even hint of a doubt, however slight, he would speedily meet the fate of Crapacy and be shorn of his vestments. Doubtless Solomon had the preachers in mind when he said, "I said in my haste that all men are liars," and if he had he would probably have come to the same conclusion had he given the subject a calm and careful consideration. It is impossible to expect he truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from such a source. We are expecting too much if we do. The modern preacher is no more to be believed in religious matters than St. John, while even as the latter denounced the unbeliever as a liar his modern prototype sends them to hell on a down grade.

From the published accounts Mrs. Storer was altogether too smart to hurl her withering darts at Roosevelt in persona propria so she compelled Belamy to assume the responsibility. The male Storer might take the feminine member of the domestic partnership by the back hair and rub her nose in the sawdust. But, what's the use? Given another chance it would be the same old thing all over again.



## HOW GOOD WE ARE GETTING!

You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. This is an application of the doctrine of reciprocity in a purely personal way.

Of course, one good turn always deserves another and if you declare that I am a jolly good fellow, I shall feel inclined to say the same thing about you.

There is no hatred like religious hatred, no rancor like religious rancor, no cruelty so severe and unrelenting as religious cruelty. For an honest difference of opinion concerning the very non-essentials of religion, men have been tortured and put to death. No so many years ago Catholics and Protestant children were taught to literally hate each other and the "orange" and the "green" of the opposing elements of Irishmen when brought together are bound to provoke a bitter conflict. Doubtless, many of the Blade readers can remember the old saw that little children of families belonging to these different religious system used to repeat to each other for the avowed purpose of hurting each other's feelings. It ran:

"Catholicism is the devil's religion."  
For all the Protestants to go to hell."

The Protestant children would get off the same thing, but simply transposed the names that the desired agonies might be inflicted upon those whom they did not like. To a great extent this feeling has died out, but we still have our exclusive Catholic organizations and our exclusive Protestant bodies, the latter being avowedly anti-Catholic in all things. This change is largely due to the rapid growth and influence of Liberal ideas. It is one of the direct results of Freethought agitation which aims to bring all men within a purely human brotherhood irrespective of religious beliefs and disabilities. To the Freethinker a Catholic is no better or worse than a Protestant and either is just as good as the other can possibly be.

That a material change has been wrought may be inferred from the fact that Catholic prelates are now extolling the cause of Protestantism and adherents of the latter are praising the work of Catholicism. It is reported that Professor Poole, of the chair of dogmatics in the University of Breslau, Germany, extols Protestantism as a "factor in the development of modern civilization," and as if to return the compliment, The Ave Maria, a Roman Catholic organ published in Indiana, publishes an article from a Methodist minister, whose name is not given, in which he eulogizes that religious body for its "great work in the cause of Christ," and the "soundness of many of her doctrinal tendencies."

It may be that the day will come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, but we opine, should the lion get hungry he will devour the lamb. From mutual recriminations they are approaching an era of mutual praise. From Elizabeth and Mary to this day is a long step but time can work wondrous changes. From Tennessees to Indiana and New Jersey many years have intervened, but then, "god works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." After all the Blade does not expect to see the Methodist converted to Catholicism or the Romanist to Protestantism.

## THE CUBE ROOT DRUNK.

"Won't you join me in a cube root?"

"Don't care if I do," says the other.

Dear reader, these are not the sayings of persons who have been pronounced by our courts to be of unsound mind. They do not emanate from men gone mad on the subject of mathematics. Neither are the spokesmen indulging in a mad rant the quality of dimension. No, indeed, the question and its answer have a deeper significance, a more literal meaning.

Kansas, as we all know, is a prohibition state. On the other hand, Kentucky is not. This means that different notions prevail concerning alcoholic stimulants as beverages in Kentucky than in Kansas. The two "K's" are essentially different. In Kentucky, a gentleman reaches in his inside coat pocket and extracts therefrom a vessel with a narrow opening which contains a rich, amber fluid. He hands it to his companion without question, remark or suggestion. The companion knows how to do the proper thing and the ceremony is completed in less time than it takes to tell it. But things are different in Kansas. In the Sandover State it is known by another name. Necessity has been a good mother of invention and the Kanjan has not been slow to assimilate new ideas with which to meet new conditions. The question and answer given at the inception of this article explains the situation.

In other words, we are informed, that a Kansas chemist has invented a cube which, when dissolved in a tumbler full of hot water, raises a perfect beard and now the population, smothered under prohibitive restraints, are busily engaged during their waking hours in extracting the "root" from the cube. Temperance people assert that the cube contains the "root of all evil"; that it is made from hops and other things; and that those who drink the decoction thus made raise something that is unprintable in a real family newspaper like the Blade. The Kansas law declares that no "intoxicating liquor" shall be sold, but it is silent upon the question of cubes and capsules.

The reports say that this condensed drunk made its first appearance in Topeka through the medium of a modest sign appearing in a store window. Somebody bought one and followed the directions given. Inside of two hours, it is said, the man in the store was doing a land office business and that every customer might have an opportunity to get what was coming he was compelled to put up another sign, which informed the crowd at the counter that only one cube could be sold to each purchaser. An hour later the indulgents were singing "we are here because we are here," waltzed on the street corners and vowed they never would go home.

The prohibition element sought legal advice, and the new comer and again trusting to the reports, it is said, they were informed that there were many sides to the question. With a "cube" it is natural there should be. Any Negro crapper in Kentucky and white ones for that matter, could have told the cube contains six sides. It is a law of physics and not a law of morals governing human conduct.

It seems that where there's a will there's a way and Kansas means to get what there is coming.

Friends! We are well on with the New Year. The Blade hopes to be able to make 1907 the harbinger of a glorious future. This future is not for the Blade alone, as intended, but for its readers and humanity in general. It is impossible for us to accomplish it alone. All must combine to produce the general result. The change in subscription rates has not materially injured us. We have lost some subscribers but the great majority have stuck and we have gained some new ones. Those who remain with us, counted as one of the family, can still furnish material help. The Blade does not ask anything for nothing. We do ask, however, that during the present year you will secure for us at least one new subscriber and before it runs its length our circulation will have doubled itself. This is the method of push. If you believe the Blade worthily push it by inducing one friend to subscribe for it.

Had Almighty God cast the human horoscope in the days of the flood it is almost a certainty that he would never have given Noah a hint to get in out of the wet. After all could he have foreseen the wretched farce-comedy his vice-regents on earth are enacting? Every straddling biped is striving to get his head above other foolish geese and boasts he is made in the personal image of his creator. Everywhere the false and the true, he good and the evil, the lambent light of happiness and the sultry shadows of an orthodox hell, meet and blend. Nowhere, yet everywhere, floats the white veil and flaming ensign of this modern Mookana. Why waste so much foolish breath on non-essentials when man awaits every thought, every consideration we have to utilize.

Imagine what it must have meant to be living in Palestine at the time Israel's sacred murderers were roaming under the inspiration of god. It were nothing for those who dared to defend their homes to be placed under harrows of iron and dragged to death. The silvery head of the aged grandfathers would fall beneath a sword wielded in the name of god. Unborn babes were ripped from the wombs of Midianite women and their maidens coerced into concubinage by their heaven-led captors.

When a man gets religion and vainly he knows he swells up like a frog filled with wind and prides himself upon his importance. Freethought enables us to better understand our relationship to the economy of the universe, pulls our heads out of the clouds and makes us keep closer to the grass.

If God had not intended that there should ever be a liar or a thief, a prostitute or a murderer, in this beautiful, old world, what are they doing here? Does it not look like the creator had entered into a compact with sin and made a covenant with the cholera?

## LIBERAL REVIEW CONSOLIDATES.

Since the November issue of the Liberal Review, one of the best and most attractive Freethought publications in the West, has been merged with the Open Road, another Chicago monthly. The Liberal Review could boast a splendid corps of contributors and its pages were always bright and fresh. Among the exchanges of this office it was among the best appreciated and it is with deep regret that our office table will contain it no more in its original form. It is needless to say, perhaps, that lack of a sufficient financial support has brought about the merger, which all Freethinkers should accept as an inducement to keep the Liberal publications that do exist both active and alive. Indifference has driven many a good cause to the wall. If we are to win in our fight against a stubborn foe we stand shoulder to shoulder even in the thickest of the fray. One by one our Freethought publications are going the last route and the question now is which is to be the next. Who knows? The Blade sincerely hopes that its subscribers will stand by the Review and give it all possible encouragement under the new management.

There is something amusingly significant in the fact that when Pamphleteer Bellamy Storer made his "daybook" in the arena of forensic art executive because so incensed that he gave the whole snafu away and in his excitement forgot all about his reform spelling, if words, etc., and hurled his withering deft at pettiest politics in substantial up-to-date, dictionary English. Poles, politics and pettiests have combined to produce a pretty kettle of fish.

While the many are compelled to battle desperately for life, the few are piling up fortunes beside which the famed wealth of Lydia's ancient kings were but a beggar's pittance. The remedy is not to be found in the suggestion that the rich can find happiness in dying poor by giving their money away in ostentatious charity. If there is any virtue in "dying poor" that condition can be reached by a far easier route than robbing labor to pile up vast fortunes. Man must be given labor as a right and not as a mere privilege.

## MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

Canadian Parson is Fined By a Court For Indulging in First Fight.

Through the kind thought of a friend the Blade has received a clipping from the Daily Mail and Empire, a daily paper published at Toronto, Canada, which shows that the Canadian judiciary are not averse to administering the punishments of earth upon the vice-regents of heaven.

The article which is reproduced in full will explain itself and our readers may draw their own conclusions. It reads:

The charge made by Charles M. Smith, of St. Thomas, against the Rev. W. G. Charlton, of Mapleton, of assaulting him at a tea meeting held in the Methodist Church, was heard today before County Police Magistrate Hunt at the court-house before a large crowd of spectators. The ladies were largely represented, and the people were of a decidedly different stamp usually seen at assault cases. W. K. Cameron appeared for the plaintiff, and T. W. Crothers for defendant.

There were four men and four ladies from St. Thomas at the tea meeting of the Methodist Church. M. Smith, in giving his evidence, stated that he was one of a "bus load who drove out to Mapleton. After the entertainment was over the St. Thomas people were invited to have supper in the basement. He went along with one of the young ladies, and was standing about eight feet from the door, when the defendant seized him by the shoulder, told him to get out, and then struck him in the eye. The blow partially blinded him and forced him to beg for mercy. Then Mr. Charlton continued to push him off the premises. It was an hour or more after the time that there was loud laughing from other parties in the church.

Mr. Charlton, who is a man of 30 years of age or more, made rather a poor witness, and claimed the reason he struck the young man was that when he ordered him to move he did not do so.

Many witnesses were called, and the case was not finished until evening. The magistrate said it had been clearly shown that Clinton Smith was not drunk, that the young people were not excited, and that the parties who used the disturbance, and that he fully exonerated them from any fault. He fined Mr. Charlton \$10 and costs of 30 days of hard labor in jail.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY

Dr. J. J. Bowles.—We are glad to publish your lecture and shall consider the suggestion offered. The only question is the ability to stand the length of publication. Thanks for the article.

Rev. Flindie, D. D.—Your card got too cluttered to read.

D. H. Watson.—Glad to note your satisfaction.

Teresa Genser.—Our interest in the emancipation of women leads to publish your letter and article in the hope that we may attract the attention of women to your work. The Blade will be glad to help you in your efforts.

W. T. Shafer.—Thanks for encouragement.

James Roper.—Your name goes in the subscription book.

Ed Thurstin.—Your renewal is appreciated.

James B. Elliott.—Although the subject has been well ventilated in the daily press, the Blade will give it another boost. Thanks for interest.

Max Huegel.—Thanks for renewal.

Alice De Witt.—We do not know what Mr. Wilson will think when he reads "Anomalous in verse, but we have imitated your effort, which is very good. You have our thanks for the good story you send us.

J. P. Humphill.—If every Freethinker would but show the same generous spirit to yourself our cause would languish for support. Thanks.

L. M. Criger.—You are correct. When Mr. Wilson will give prominence to such an article as you enclosed is a good sign of progress. We shall reproduce it as soon as we can get it.

S. Rooney.—Your generous interest in our welfare is highly appreciated. Only by such magnanimity is our cause maintained. The work of human salvation invariably falls upon a few willing ones and you are certainly one of that few. Many thanks.

Eliza Mowry Blymes.—As an advocate of the materialistic philosophy we are prepared to carry on any undertaking that will better propagate it. Not only may you subscribe our name on your roster, but if any reader of the Blade cares to take charge of the work you suggest we will give space for publication.

L. M. Lawrence.—If you were not permitted to put god's house on rollers the brethren might have done the David act in front of it and have the dance set to music.

E. G. Chase.—You may not be orthodox, but your quotations point very much that way. The authorities you give are not sufficient.

Frank Metz.—Thanks for your good cheer.

J. S. Carnahan.—While you must feel lone some without kindred thinkers near you, do not forget that where only one is gathered in the name of the Blade, we are with you.

Albert Lawrence.—Your letter is a strong one on the subject but rather too lengthy for our limited space. Make them shorter when you write again.

Comment Unnecessary.

West Lodi, O.—I would be pleased to have my subscription for the Blade have not the time to read such rotten, trashy paper as the Blue Grass Blade.—MRS. O. R. HIPPLE.

I am Perfectly Satisfied.

Lincoln, Neb.—Enclosed find \$1.50 to pay my subscription for the Blade (past due) for your commencing with last March. Will remit for the next year as soon as convenient. Am satisfied with paper and price.—D. H. WATSON.

One For Dr. Wilson.

Ferris, Cal.—Dr. J. R. Wilson: I have often wondered if communications from your numerous admirers did not become something of a bore. I am now going through your trip to Rome the second time and think I will read it over once or twice more for it never fails to be of deep interest from start to finish. Behind the bars, Doug Fennell, Payne, Ingersoll, etc. Was deeply interested, but for missionary work your trip to Rome simply means to read it is to be convinced that humanity to man is the only true religion. Max you may be spared to hurt in the false cause.—C. S. GOVE.

For Blade and Moore Book.

Logansport, Ind.—Herein please find postoffice money order for \$1.50, for which please move tag forward on my Blade. Put me down for Moore Book.—W. T. SHAFER.

Wants Moore Memorial.

Buckskin, Ind.—If you publish C. C. Moore's writings put me down for one book.—JAMES R. LEE.

Wants a Pamphlet.

Oakland, N. Y.—I wish to express my admiration of your able editorials and to specify in particular the one that appeared some months ago on the geology. The latter should appear as a small pamphlet to be got cheap by the 100 for distribution. It is well put together. Dr. J. B. W.'s article this week is a masterpiece. I hope he will continue this to wind his pen as long as he possibly can.—J. C. DAVIES, M. D.

Praise From Kansas.

Chattanooga, Kansas.—I see by tag on Blade that my subscription expires January 7, 1907. Enclosed I send you \$1.50 to renew from that date, wishing you all a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years, and a long life and prosperity to the good old Blade.—ED THURSTIN.

Blade is Just Fine.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Enclosed please find postoffice order for 75 cents. You did carry me on to next June. You did not change date on label when I sent

you the last 50 cents, through Mr. Collins. The paper is just fine. I have sent you altogether \$1.75.—JOHN ROBERTSON.

Blade and Moore Book.

Cincinnati, O.—Enclosed you will please find money order for \$1.50 for continuation of Blade for another year. Please change my address from 301 Everett street to address below. You may put me down for the Moore Book.—MAX HUEGEL.

WARI

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(Continued From Page One)

## BANNER OF THE CROSS

whose names and fame are as imperishable as the stars.

The Rationalists of the world make no war upon the personality of the priesthood, but we have sworn eternal hostility against the union of church and state, and against the domination of our country by the ambassadors of a Jewish God.

Upon the issue of this battle between the Rationalists of the world and the priests of Christendom hang all the hopes of all the world for all time to come.

All other questions sink into utter insignificance and nothingness when compared to this.

Danks and finance, army bills and navy bills, tariffs and subsidies, interstate canals and impost food, however vicious they may be, can never destroy the republic of our fathers; but if the monstrous Jehovah and his heartless priesthood ever succeed in inflicting on the people the bloody banner of the cross over the capitol at Washington the free of liberty and all its precious fruits will go out in blood and night forever.

Our campaign against priestly dominion must never cease until our Republic is safely reanchored to the Declaration of Independence.

It must never cease until our schools and colleges and universities are thoroughly secularized and the inspired savagery of their holy books forever banished from the halls of learning.

Our campaign against the priesthood must never cease until our mothers, our wives and our daughters are placed upon the high plain of equality with their brother man and emancipated from the cruel clutch of superstition.

Our campaign must never cease until we can elect presidents of the United States who will follow the example of the immortal Jefferson, who peremptorily refused to comply with the demands of the priesthood to issue annual proclamations of thanksgiving to Jehovah, giving as his reasons that it was no part of the duty of a president of the United States to issue such documents in a secular government whose constitution had retired the gods from the republic.

Our campaign must never cease until the magnificent temples and gorgeous cathedrals of the priesthood now valued at more than one billion of dollars are made to pay out of their share of taxation for the support of the government.

It took millions of years to fit and prepare this planet for the home and habitation of man, and it has taken ten thousand years of struggle and effort to establish this republic; the only spot on earth where life is worth the struggle for existence, and our campaign must never cease until the stars and stripes wave proudly in triumph over a nation happy and free, and completely emancipated from the pallid yoke of priestly tyranny.

In past ages of the world many great deliverances of humanity have been wrought on the bloody fields of war, but history furnishes no parallel in war of such a mighty deliverance of humanity as we will achieve if we drive the priesthood out of the temple of liberty.

None of the triumphs on sanguinary fields of struggle will be so consecrated by the gratitude of future ages as the victory will be if you effect a clean divorce between church and state.

History will award to the statesman of the United States the honor of having preserved, purified and saved from destruction this great republic, the last, the best and the only hope of man.

I wish I had the power to impress you and through you the lovers of humanity throughout the world with a keen and burning sense of the importance of the work in which we are engaged.

I speak to you the language of earnestness and truth when I say to you that the Republic of Palestine and Jefferson is the only oasis in the world, and if it should be converted into a desert by infallible popes and priests and by the religion of supernaturalism the hope of humanity will be blasted for a thousand years, and if this calamity could ever overtake the people of this republic it would be far better if some impetuous force, some blind Sampson would seize the pillars which support the universe and plunge the whole fabric into chaos, for in that event a new world might be evolved, not cursed by the withering touch of the blighting mildew of an orthodox priesthood.

If we would fully appreciate the supreme importance of a complete separation of church and state; if we would fully comprehend the awful fate that awaits our republic if the priests of Jehovah succeed in their designs, we must read the history of Palestine and Scotland, of Russia and Italy, of New England in her early

days, and the conquests of Peru and Mexico.

These are the darkest, the foulest, the saddest records in the history of the world, wet with tears as we turn over page after page of these infamous annals, of crime and agony, of tears and blood.

Let us, therefore, renew our vows, increase our devotion to the stainless flag of Rationalism; it stands for all that is good and pure in the life of man and nations.

It has never been stained with blood nor wet with tears; let us expand freely of our time, our money and our I have faith in the American people; I do not believe that they will ever submit to be governed by priests like the Russians and Spaniards.

Liberty is too deeply imbedded in the American heart to be surrendered to popes and priests; it was born on this continent only a little over a hundred years ago, and it was then the proud boast of King George and his priests that they would strangle the young child to death in its cradle.

But these proud boasts of King George and his priests were dispelled by the immortal Washington in the bloody fields of the Revolution.

This child called liberty, born on New England's rock coasts only a little more than a century ago, has grown to be a mighty giant in the United States, and it would require the combined armies of all the priests of Christendom to crush it under the toe of Juggernaut, a state religion.

Liberty will live and extend her journey like the spreading branches of a mighty tree; she will finally bless all the nations of the earth and the priests of Jehovah will finally be consigned to graves of eternal oblivion.

It is a law of Nature that every bad reason is filling the mind with light, we may confidently affirm that gods and devils and the priests of revealed religion will soon disappear and cease to enslave the earth forever.

When this glorious era is fully ushered in, our earth will become a peaceful and happy home for the whole human race, and men and women and children will sing praises to celestial and reason far sweeter than Beethoven's Symphonies; the whole world will be filled with rejoicing and peace dedicated to justice, to liberty, to humanity, and to the good, the beautiful and the true, and in the midst of this most marvelous civilization mankind will be free from the death of the priest and will break forth in the grand anthem of joy that will reverberate and the whole circumference of the globe, like the chiming of a canon, mightily bells being in the canon above.

wild, ferocious and savage men, and it was the operation of this same law that the process of time (that is, the savage ancestors) into barbarians, and these in turn after the lapse of many ages into partially civilized men on a few favored spots of earth.

This same overruling law that directed the process of the earth with mountains, rivers and seas, and stored it with plants and forests and flowers and peopled it with myriads of animals and men, is constantly at work on the mind, developing and strengthening the moral sense, expanding the understanding and enlightening the reason, and as sure as the night follows the day, just so sure will the priests of supernaturalism disappear from all civilized nations, and all the gods and devils of our savage and barbarous ancestors will vanish like the beautiful earth forever.

The dark and bloody reign of priests will soon be forever past, and let us never cease to revive the memory of the Ingalls and the pines, the Bruns and Drapers, the Volneys and Kins, the Spinolas and Hecksels, the Darwins, the Huxleys and the syndicates.

Good men and good women will never again be flayed alive; they will never again be reduced to ashes by flame and fagot; their eyes will never again be torn from their sockets; the crosses and agonies of that vast multitude of grand men and noble women who have in a thousand ways been tormented and tortured to death by the priesthood, will never again fill the earth with horror; it is impossible for history to repeat itself.

The flying monsters that once swarmed in the air and the life-pillars that once covered the earth during the Mesozoic age are gone forever, and now that the sun of science and reason is filling the mind with light, we may confidently affirm that gods and devils and the priests of revealed religion will soon disappear and cease to enslave the earth forever.

When this glorious era is fully ushered in, our earth will become a peaceful and happy home for the whole human race, and men and women and children will sing praises to celestial and reason far sweeter than Beethoven's Symphonies; the whole world will be filled with rejoicing and peace dedicated to justice, to liberty, to humanity, and to the good, the beautiful and the true, and in the midst of this most marvelous civilization mankind will be free from the death of the priest and will break forth in the grand anthem of joy that will reverberate and the whole circumference of the globe, like the chiming of a canon, mightily bells being in the canon above.

## GOD NEVER SAID A WORD.

(From Liberal Review.)

He stood the cities of the east,  
Their stately lanes to him were  
J'er all that wealth and culture bore  
And that's sacred to the eye  
But 'midst their solemn praise and prayers

The sturting earthquake stirred,  
And dread and fire and death were theirs—  
God never said a word.

The typhoon rose and a tidal wave  
Swept over a city great and old  
And thousands sank in a watery grave  
Praying with uplifted hand  
Sweet babes were snatched from loving arms,  
The shrieks of mothers were heard  
And prayers were heard with  
Soul's alarm—  
God never said a word.

When across the earth's stately fenn  
Dread,  
And pitiless pestilence reigned,  
And ghastly eyes of the upturned dead  
Reveal to Heaven their pain;  
When nations clank in convulsion wars  
And the earth with blood is hurled,  
And human anguish is lost in scars,  
God never said a word.

When nations sunken in selfish greed  
Their kindred starve—the savage slay,  
When frantic faith that crouches in  
Creed,  
Stabs its victims, even as they pray;  
When difference of race, and chance of belief,  
The massacre foul have incurred,  
And the innocent cry to Heaven in grief,  
God never said a word.

When stern the stars with their pale  
Stern cry,  
For mercy and justice here;  
But whether they pray or not—they die,  
Whatever their trust or fear,  
Here I the great God, and he were not  
No matter how men were oppressed,  
Were it time to help in calamity,  
I'd certainly say a word.

—BY J. B. WILSON, M. D.

J. N. Brown—There are many more  
men in your feelings than in your  
Wilson, and but for his professional  
duties we would doubtless hear more  
of him in our columns.

## CLERGY

### GAINS MORE POWER

When the People Are Ignorant While  
Religious Liberty and Political  
Freedom Must Always Go  
Hand in Hand.

### DEFENDS BLADE'S COURSE AGAINST ITS CRITICS.

(BY H. T. ABERNETHY.)

It is a sorry sight to observe how some of your readers find fault with the reading your paper offers. I can't conceive how a Freethinker, whom a person would naturally expect to be of a broad mind and tolerant views, can so easily to extend over the priest ridden earth, the joys and blessings of science, free thought and reason.

Let us make this beautiful earth a temple for giving space to articles of political reform.

I realize that your paper is a free thought publication, established and maintained to proclaim truth and progress of the human race. A person would be very dull not to be able to discern that political, religious and religious reform go hand in hand. We cannot expect progressive thought and self-reliance from an enslaved people. Present conditions certainly tend to bridge the gap between the citizens of this country, the right to life and an existence such as a human of this period should have.

As a result of wealth centralizing in the hands of a few, the middle class is fast losing ground, and is being pushed into the ranks of the poor. Poverty does not further progress—poverty, as a rule, is the mother of ignorance; and you and your readers will admit that ignorance is the foundation of the Christian Church—the most ignorant of the people the more powerful the clergy and the church. Let us strive for a more just economic system; to replace the present one—a system under which a few cunning and unscrupulous persons are enabled to take possession of the natural and industrial resources of this country and thereby degrading the producer to virtual serfdom. No one will deny that this system does not give the producer the full benefit of his labor. Let us replace this present system by a just economic system—a system which will not admit the few to burden the many and exact tribute in the shape of rent, interest and taxes.

Let us strive for a system which will reward the worker with the full value of his creation and not rob him as this system does—the worker one tenth and the capitalists nine tenths.

The present system degrades the rich by overliving, and degrades and ruins the producer by underliving. The worker who is so fortunate as to have employment, is worked hard and long hours, too tired at night to enjoy and when he goes to bed, he has no thought-recessing lectures. This system puts him on a par with the machine which he is feeding. How can we look for intellectual progress from a man being living under such conditions? Still this is the lot of millions of citizens of this republic, and hundreds of thousands of intellectuals who under a just system would be as artists and scientists, and give pleasure and beauty to this world.

They are irredeemably smothered and lost to humanity, as the present system and its unjust conditions offer no chance for advancement to the wage slave of today. The present system advances a few types of men, the mercantile and professional class; hey, for the sake of patronage, clients and customers, lie at the feet of the capitalist, keeping up churches and making each other believe that they are virtuous in the cause of the church and pulpit. We must admit that if Christianity was eliminated the true Christian would be very scarce and far between.

There is nothing which is feared more than poverty—Poverty or the fear of poverty is the incentive to commit crime. It impels the capitalist to bribe legislators, and is counterpart the footpad to hold a victim at the mercy of the gun. It causes the adulteration of foods and even medicines; it keeps the saloon open behind the bar; it impels the good Christian to vote for the continuation of the rum traffic; causes the ranks of the legal and medical fraternities. In short, it keeps the common workers in degradation and ignorance, and makes cringing towards and hypocrites of the professional and merchant.

As economic lines humanity has evolved from slavery to freedom then to wage slavery (which is only another name for a serf). Humanity has discarded slavery and serfdom, and the time is not very distant when we shall be abandoned. Under the new system humanity will step forth a new being, unfettered and unceasing. The producer will then not have to beg to be allowed to work. There will be work for all and the worker will receive all he creates or the equivalent thereof.

Those who now eke out a miserable and degraded existence will under the new system have a chance for advancement, and let the true nature of the human come uppermost. Humanity is at the eve of its emancipation from industrial serfdom; as a consequence we will see the abolition of sham and hypocrisy; and the entrance upon an era of material and mutual advancement such as the world never witnessed.

I beg you, do not let the narrow-minded and short-sighted readers influence you to deny space to articles of political reform. Let us as freethinkers here to the line of the Argonauts where the clips may fall.

## SELECTED AND ORIGINAL POEMS

### DEFENDER OF TRUTH.

(By Aron De Wijn.)

Theories which thousands cherish  
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;  
Creeds and dogmas all must perish,  
Truth itself can never die.

Like a glorious light above her,  
She has shed her beams on earth;  
But the souls who truly love her,  
May become the men of worth.

Worldlings, blindly may refuse her,  
Love their eyes and call it night;  
Learned scoffers may abuse her,  
But they cannot quench her light.

Thrones may totter, empires may fall,  
All things change, all things are born;  
But the truth will crown the humble  
And from bondage set them free.

Men like Wilson will defend her,  
Till she is the light of the world;  
She has shed her beams on earth,  
She has entered our all below.

Note—This original poem was written in commemoration of Dr. Wilson's Rome Book—Ed.

### SIXTY-SEVEN TODAY.

December 13th, 1906.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry,  
Versailles, Ky.

Dear Friend—

Just sixty-seven today my friend,  
Stranded on a shore,  
Where the light of reason never  
Entered the dark caverns of my mind.

My mind's a "house of cards,"  
Brain's truth is nearly lost in youth,  
They never read from Science know  
Not the light of Truth.

"Dumb driven cattle" of the cross,  
The "holy spirit" and virgin birth,  
That bleeds them of their color thru  
Life and when the body's cold.

Just sixty-seven today, my friend,  
Still I'm in the fog,  
Gained the "holy spirit" and virgin birth,  
And "God" that's out of sight.

On the line Truth fight against all  
The criminals teach,  
The plastic minds of children thru  
The sermons that they preach.

Am fighting down the Blue that's held  
A fetch will,  
By these whose minds were moulded  
In superstitions mill.

Just sixty-seven today my friend,  
Prepared to meet the fate,  
That Nature has reserved for all,  
The lowly and the great.

How full prayer to a phantom god  
When Nature calls out "time!"  
And rep all that is now as well as  
Friends of mine.

"What fools these mortals be!" these  
Days when Science punts the way  
To a perfect rest in the future—oblivion  
Lasting day.

Note—As will be observed this is the author's method of writing to Mrs. Henry—Ed.

### EVE: HER DIARY.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

The Diary of Mother Eve, as writ by  
Sammy Clemens.

In good old Massachusetts has been  
found a diary of Eve, the first woman.  
The Deaconess inspected it, although  
with proper blushing.

The Deacon didn't scorn to look, although  
he kept "tush-tush-ing."  
They put it on the topmost shelf, nor  
told a soul of it, for they did not  
know they banished Eve because  
they didn't like her rouseau.

If costume is the reason why the  
blushing folk suspend her,  
Our sympathies with Eve, and now we  
hasten to defend her.

Although Eve is not shown to wear a  
costume you would call dress,  
She never made her debut in a deco-  
lete ball gown.

While blase New England  
denies the pleasures of her shocking,  
They can't complain that Eve had  
flashed a noisy scream-dress stock-  
ing.

Oh, Mother Eve, we'd fain believe  
there is some spite work lurking.  
Because they never caught you in a  
way with open working.

We will admit your work was in the  
nature of a hummer,  
But still you never were a shrinky  
bathing suit in summer.

You wouldn't do for Horse Show  
weeks, but treatment of the situation  
That you could not make quite a bit  
in any opera season.

Note—The above poem was written  
consequent upon the refusal to admit  
Mark Twain's book, "Eve's Diary," to  
the public library at Worcester, Mass.—Ed.

## ECHOES OF THE GRAPSEY CASE

According To Episcopal Notions He  
Was All Right But Should Have  
Kept His Mouth Shut—Silent  
Hypocrisy.

(BY J. G. A. DAVIES, M. D.)

I was looking for much more  
matter in the journals on the Grapsey  
murder case than I have seen. It was  
an exhaustive treatise on the relation  
from historical and philosophical  
and sociological points of view. It is  
not yet too late, and I would like to  
yield my contribution in several short  
notes.

(1) The significance of the semi-  
secrecy of the ceremony of deposition  
was entirely lost sight of, for the reason,  
as I presume, that nobody was  
acquainted with it. In a country like  
England where the "Church and State"  
is yet in existence, the ceremony  
need not be veiled in any way.

In this and most other republics it is  
criminal and actionable. The ver-  
dict in the trial of the "Grapsey" case  
was that the proceedings of the trial  
had been actionable at civil law were  
it not for the fact of its acceptance  
by Dr. Grapsey himself. The great  
trial of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher  
was exactly of the same category. At  
the end of the proceedings the defend-  
ent's consent expired, and the sentence  
of degradation which is a remnant  
of old Toryism, had to be within  
Star Chamber, in order to be non-  
actionable. People interested in the  
prosecution may be interested to  
contradict this fact: Ecclesiastics  
have, from all history, asserted  
rights and denied anything, just as it  
suits them. I pay no attention to any-  
thing of the kind.

(2) Colonel Bent the ecclesiastic  
at the final hour before the issue of  
the trial in the "Grapsey" case. The  
ecclesiastic at the final hour before the  
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at the final hour before the issue of the  
trial in the "Grapsey" case. The eccle-  
siastic at the final hour before the issue  
of the trial in the "Grapsey" case.

(3) I was conversing lately with a  
lady enthusiast, a Mrs. Warren, with  
an Episcopalian badge. We argued  
the merits pro and con of the Grapsey  
case. She was scholar and historian  
and made fair controversy available.  
She had to admit almost every point  
I urged until we arrived at the very  
act of Dr. Grapsey in giving ex-  
traordinary treatment to the case with  
the inactive assistance. He should  
have kept his mouth shut. "I spoke  
you have said it," I replied; "that  
is the whole thing in a nutshell."  
The extra intelligent are ready to  
admit the existence of the ecclesiastic  
and exoteric running parallel within  
the ecclesiastical bodies throughout the  
ages, the former the consciousness of  
the priest and the latter the catch-  
word of the laity. In contrast with  
Roman Catholic priests I have heard  
the admission of it made, and we find  
plain traces of it in the New Testa-  
ment. The point made by the high-  
minded lady was that Dr. Grapsey  
had no right to expose the soteric to  
the laity, supposing he were strictly  
correct as to facts. It is my belief  
that the American public is prepared  
already to bear and judge and un-  
ravel any of the soteric dogmas  
and for any one to insinuate that  
the American citizens should be herded,  
negro-like, in an intellectual corral, is  
an anachronistic error.

(4) The ecclesiastics in the Grapsey  
case kept their mouths shut. There was  
no animus in the prosecution, and the  
action did not involve any persecu-  
tion whatever. Did they believe  
that? If so, they were ridiculously  
self-deceived. They were not. They  
thought they could be satisfied, for I  
think they credit for intelligence. Re-  
publicans among ecclesiastics leads  
most unerringly toward persecution,  
and the Episcopalians and Roman  
Catholics do not hold any bodies to  
have the proclivity. The feelings of  
these who are carried away with this  
ecclesiasticism, if made to appear in  
their cruel nifty, would have a ter-  
rifying effect on us. They are the  
other form of ecclesiasticism, the  
human mind, and killed to murder.

F. T. Perkins—If I may do im-  
prove with your words of praise  
sweeten existence. There now.